

Aura

by GHOST ft. Solaria

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Barely printed, on the dot
She wondered why the record stopped
Flipping through the pages of a child's eulogy
Surfacing beneath malaise
A game of cards went on for days
Escalated fog disease
They've fallen to their knees

Wait your turn, there's something still inside
Out of thousands gathered asking how and why
Caught and tamed the unexplained
Formed a semblance of their normalcy
And took it to their graves

Watch, perhaps forgotten
A girl preserved throughout the years
Repainted in the prism past
We're holding hands at long last

Fortified by age-old condolences
Drawings of the northern lights
God, give us clearer skies
Open-eyed, entangled in promises
Furthering the questions asked
Hands tied behind our backs
Bared fangs behind a mask

Set reminders, sworn to pray
She shallowed whole another day
Taking in the world at play
It's brighter than the sun

Reprimands sit in the brew
Behind the show, a better view
Aggravated fog disease
Collapsing to their knees

Wait your turn, there's something still inside
Out of thousands gathered asking how and why
"Who's to blame? Is it mundane? Maybe tangible by needlework?"
They're desperate for a name

Burned, a language unlearned
The arbitrary colors of a variegated disarray

Fortified by age-old condolences
Drawings of the northern lights
God give us clearer skies
Open-eyed, entangled in promises
Furthering the questions asked
Hands tied behind our backs

Bared fangs behind a mask

Tell me when the fog will subside
Please tell me when the fog will subside
Poorly held together condolences
Drowning out the northern lights
Pay more for old advice

Open-eyed, entangled in promises
Buried under dying homes
Hands tied in golden thorns
I'm defined by guesswork analogies
Documenting daily life
Tell me I'll be alright

Open-eyed, entangled in absentees
Stories of a child's past
Autopsied broken glass
My aura shines at last